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Washington Scene . . . By George Dixon

I Love Paris in the Springtime

PARIS, May 6—An airplane of my acquaintance happened to be coming this way, so I decided to come with it. I had barely inhaled my first few whiffs of France when I posed into this story: That the real reason, Gen. Al Gruenther quit as chief of NATO is that he got wind there's a threat to deal cooking which would reduce the influence of the military in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization.

I am this from such good authority I'm going to plunge into it without giving myself any ifs or outs. The deal, I was told, calls for us to pull our troops out of Germany; the Russians to do the same, and for us to step up trade relations with the USSR.

I was told, by one in a definite position to know, that Gen. Gruenther is at work with a ghost writer right now on an article in which he will tell that he got word that NATO is to be taken away from the military as much as possible and turned over to the economists.

GEN. Gruenther has confided that he does not disapprove

of the program to emphasize peace instead of preparedness, but feels that if the military aspects are to be de-emphasized, one of the first moves should be to put a non-warrior at the head of it.

That there are some big changes cooking in NATO seems to be very obvious. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles is here in Paris, too, and he keeps talking about "a program of economic and possibly political action for the North Atlantic community." All the talk is about de-emphasizing the military and accentuating the economic and political.

I was told that the unification of Germany will be the first big item on the agenda.

If this is carried out successfully, the next step will be to relax trade restrictions with Russia. This is to be followed by a general program for easing tensions everywhere.

I was glad to hear this brightening news because there hadn't seemed too much to be joyful about in the international situation of recent weeks. But the people who should know about these things appear more optimistic, and if Dulles is a leader, I am too.

MY TRAVELING companion, a French woman with the mind-battering name of Ymelda (pronounced "Ypres"), wanted to go to Malmaison be-

cause she said it provides the best evidence she had ever witnessed that a woman can live well without a husband. After inspecting the premises that Bonaparte provided for Josephine when they parted, I am not too convinced my companion is right. I know that if I were a woman left alone with a lot of money I would not elect to be that far out of town.

I RAN into another story here. It concerns Ben Bradlee, the United States newspaperman who was grabbed by the French security police recently, and later released. I learned that Bradlee was on a very sinister mission when he was plucked.

Back in Washington, the Women's National Press Club is giving its annual stunt party for the President on May 18. One of the numbers is a parody of the French song, "Mon Petit Bonhomme de Moin," which is the way the funny race says "My Little Traveling Salesman." But the new ladies couldn't find the melody, and the United States Marine Band declared stubbornly it would not play it without music.

In desperation, the club women cabled Ben in Paris. He was engaged in the nefarious business of looking for sheet music to be played for President Eisenhower when the general was bounced.

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